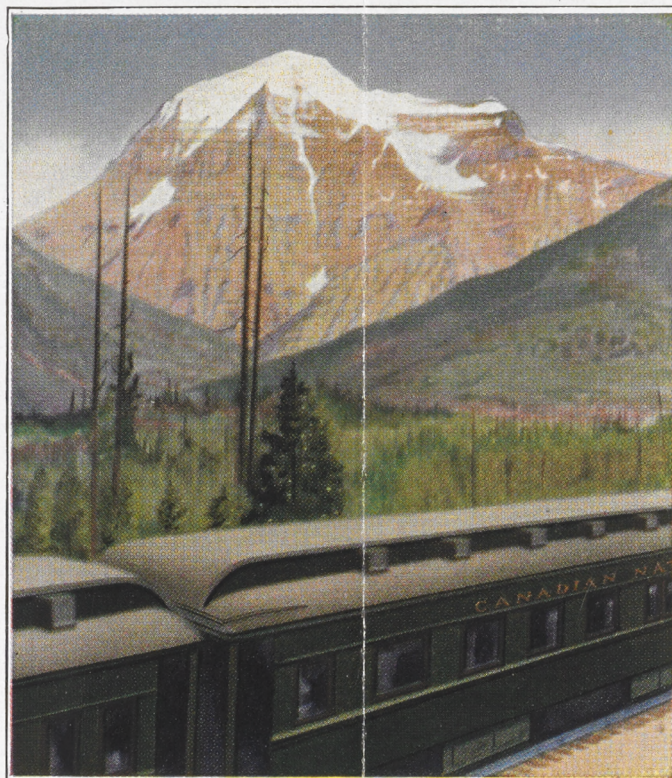




MOUNT ROBSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA



MONARCH OF THE
CANADIAN ROCKIES

The CANADIAN ROCKIES AND JASPER NATIONAL PARK

THERE is no money to be made by gazing at a sunset over the prairie or by standing by the ship's rail and watching an eagle soar above the fjords of the Pacific.

We moderns—and we are probably no worse than our forefathers—too often think of the earth in terms of what we can get out of it. We think of the rocks as storehouses to be broken into and despoiled of their copper and gold; we see the leagues of soil on the plains blossoming into wheatfields; forests are timber and pulpwood; cascades are power; the sea is a place where we spread our nets. And all because of the necessary dollar. But it is small consolation

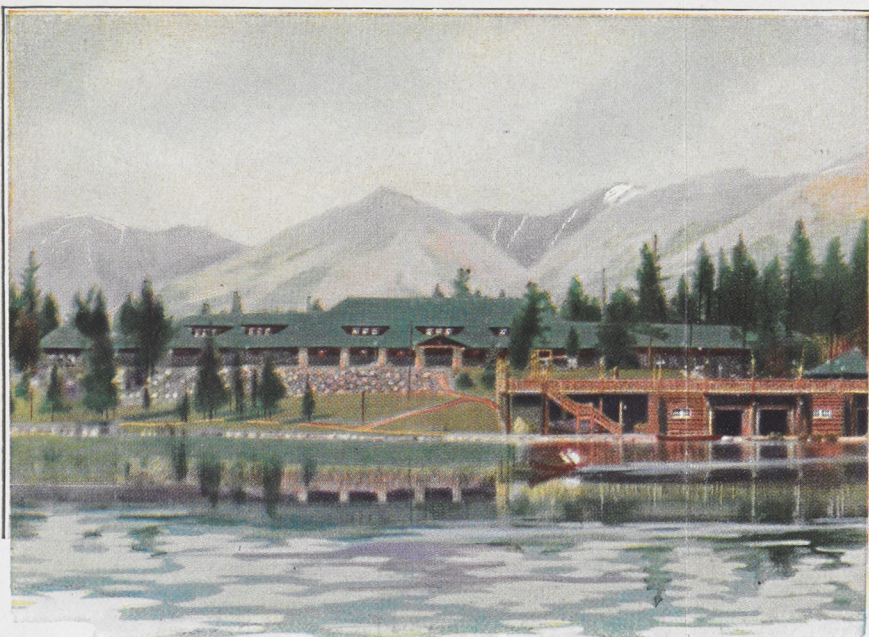
to reduce a tossing green forest to a handful of paper dollars or a row of figures in a book.

We know that there is no money in sunsets or in headlands shouldering aside the mists, but in our off moments we do not care. When we have gathered together a few of these dollars, we buy our freedom for two or three weeks, shake off mere utility and enjoy beauty for its own sake.

It is of these off moments, of a man's freedom in holiday, that this folder treats.

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The first thing for a man to do by way of liberation is to break with the familiar scenes. Let him of the



JASPER PARK LODGE

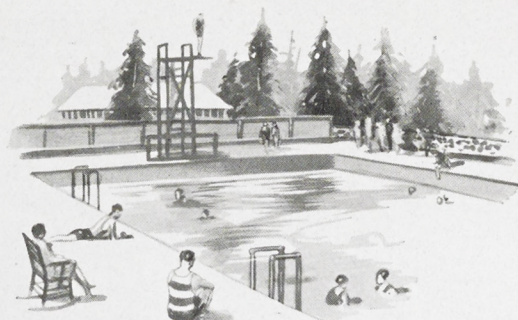
cities go to the mountains and down to the sea. There was a time when it was needful to make a decision between the sea and the mountains, but this book tells of a way of combining the two.

* * * * *

Coming from the East, you begin at Jasper. Time was when the name "Jasper" meant no more than the Christian name of a chap called Hawes who was in charge of a trading post in the mountains. That was upwards of a hundred years ago. Today it stands for the largest national park in the world.

Statistics run too perilously close to the world of work, but there may be some satisfaction in knowing that Jasper is 5,380 square miles in area. The satisfaction comes in knowing that it is wide enough to contain a thousand miles of well-kept horse trails and a hundred miles of motor roads, a town that is a railway centre, a modern summer hotel with room for six hundred and fifty guests at a time, with the most superb golf course on the continent, and at the same time, mile upon mile of mountain and forest known only to the bears and the deer and the intrepid mountain men and their ponies, peak after peak known not even to the hardest climber but only to the everlasting snows.

To speak of Jasper is to speak of Jasper Park Lodge. Three miles from the Canadian National station lies



THE SWIMMING POOL

this beautiful summer hotel, not a great city edifice of steel and brick, but a lodge in very truth, a group of lodges, built of the logs and stones of the mountains, a thing that grew up in the mountains as naturally as the hills themselves. The hewn trees and the boulders and the green shingled roofs mingle with the surroundings rather than impose themselves on them, and yet there is in the

Lodge, in every cabin, electric lighting and telephones, hot and cold water, all those comforts that men and



THE SPACIOUS MAIN LOUNGE

women like to keep with them even when they escape into vacation.

There is a superb kitchen where the menus are created as works of art; there is a dining room which can care for four hundred at a sitting; an orchestra and a ballroom; a spacious and luxurious lounge; there is afternoon tea, and bridge in the evening, and tennis, and canoeing on the exquisite lake at the foot of the Lodge lawns, and swimming in an open air, heated tank. There are wide verandahs, a rock garden, sunshades on the grass and along the lake verge—in fact, there is everything for both the indolent and for the active, for those whose idea of escape is ease and those who seek a different round of action. Surrounding and infusing all is the beauty and glamour of the mountains—the pines standing still in the clear air, the rolling hills that change countenance with every passing cloud as with the wheeling seasons, the dazzling lakes, the sky-piercing iron-and-snowclads.

Of the thousands who go to Jasper every summer, be they indolent or active, there are few who do not take the motor drives. The luxurious cars and the smooth roads are an invitation which seconds the lure of the peaks and the valleys. Twenty miles away from the Lodge stands Mount Edith Cavell,

overwhelming the whole Athabaska Valley with its beauty. Day in and day out, visitors make their pilgrimages to its foot, to stand under the hanging ice and the unblemished snow which crowns it, to climb on the glacier itself and enjoy the thrill of winter in midsummer. The road, switch-backing breathlessly, climbs two thousand feet above the valley and opens to the sight views of mountain scenery which can be equalled only by the horseback ride up Whistlers Mountain.

There are motor trips to Maligne Canyon, where the earth was cleft marvellously by a narrow but stubborn and forceful stream of water; to Pocahontas, and to Pyramid Lake. The road to Pocahontas, which is on the way to the famous Miette Hot Springs, is known as the "game trail," proving, as it does daily, to the sightseer and the hunter with the camera, that Jasper is the greatest wild animal sanctuary man has set aside.

The trail trips and the hikes are to many the highest of the joys of the mountains. They may fill a morning, an afternoon, a day—as the ride up the Whistlers with lunch in the saddle bags—or they may take weeks, with guides and a pack train. The mountains show themselves to the traveller in the train who flies through them and to the motorist, but they open their hearts to the hiker and the rider.



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, AS VIEWED ACROSS LAC BEAUVERT



JASPER PARK LODGE GOLF COURSE

In a year's time the motor road may be completed to Maligne Lake, but to be pitied are those who wait for the motor road. Maligne—statistics tell us—is nearly twenty miles long and is the largest glacial lake in the Canadian Rockies. Surely, Maligne is one of the wonders of the world. It is hemmed in by high mountains, few of them climbed, some not even named; great masses that geologists say are older than the Alps; tremendous peaks bearing a burden of snow and ice that never leaves them. Today Maligne is reached by way of Medicine Lake, by motor part way from the Canyon, by boat and by foot or horseback. At both lakes stand hospitable chalets and, at both, motor boats wait in attendance. At every turn of the trail there is something new, if not a whole file of mountain peaks, at least a porcupine.

Swiss guides stand by at the Lodge ready and able to take climbers up Cavell or into the virgin Maligne country or to the Ramparts in the Tonquin Valley.

* * * * *

If the traveller can tear himself away from Jasper—and the good traveller denies himself a little to make more sweet that which he has—he may push on to the Pacific Coast in one of two ways. Jasper is the apex of the triangle whose other two points are Vancouver and Prince Rupert. He may turn south and follow the Fraser, or he may go north and strike into the Skeena country. If he goes north, he is wise to come back east by the southern line; if he goes southwards first, he must return from the north. On no account must he miss either one or the other of the sides of the triangle; and the third is the sea voyage along the coast.



THE CLUB HOUSE

When the Canadian National train leaves Jasper on its five hundred and thirty-five miles to Vancouver it begins climbing up to the Yellowhead Pass and the Continental Divide. Here, where Alberta touches British Columbia, the waters are parted, some to travel north to the Arctic, some to drop to the Pacific.

Mountains sheer up steeply from both sides of the track—Yellowhead, the Seven Sisters, Fitzwilliam,



A GLIMPSE OF MALIGNE LAKE

and the lesser peaks, and torrents come cascading down the rocks. Here are the mountains indeed, and yet no other railway crosses the Continental Divide at as easy a gradient or as low an altitude.

The track skirts the four miles of troutful Yellow-head Lake, picks up the Fraser River, modestly beginning, and follows it to Moose Lake, passing on the way the fascinating Rainbow Falls. For eight miles, the train runs along the northern shore of Moose Lake. With the Rainbow Range on one side and the Selwyn Range on the other and the lake reflecting them, and with the glaciers sending their cataracts crashing, it is an eight-mile-stretch not quickly forgotten.

Red Pass Junction, at the western end of Moose Lake, is the point of divergence for the two railway lines, the one going up to Prince Rupert and the other down to Vancouver, but they remain in sight of each other until Mount Robson is reached.

Going and coming, whether he go by Vancouver and return by Prince Rupert or vice versa, the traveller sees Mount Robson twice. It is worth seeing many more times than twice, and, realizing this, travellers often leave the train with a trail ride to the Tumbling

Glacier and Berg Lake in mind; some, indeed, ride all the way from Jasper with a pack train.

Much is expected of Mount Robson. It is the loftiest peak in the Canadian Rockies; it has been scaled only a few times in its tremendous history. Much is expected, and Mount Robson never disappoints. Its beauty of form, its magnificent armor of ice; its vast solidity—which indeed entitles it to stand with Gibraltar as a symbol of towering strength and solidity—make it supreme among mountain tops.

Robson remains in sight for miles and in memory for as long as memory lasts. It is the great gesture of the Rockies, but the route retains its interest even after Robson is passed. It lies along the widespreading Fraser Valley and through the spectacular valley of the Canoe River. It goes through thick, sturdy forests, truly northern forests, yet almost tropical in their luxuriance; it slides by thundering waterfalls and deep, still lakes; it follows mighty rivers—the Fraser, the Albreda, the North Thompson. The last-named is followed one hundred and seventy-five miles, as far as Kamloops.

After Robson, the next great single spectacle is Pyramid Falls—"Hell Roaring Falls"—thundering



"THE CONFEDERATION" CROSSING THE FRASER, NEAR LYTTON, B.C.



SEATTLE, WASH.



Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, joined by the new Tri-City service of Canadian National Steamships, are modern cities of exceptional vacation appeal. To each is the charm of the sea and the mountains, beautiful parks, beaches and drives, but each has distinctive features of its own. Vancouver's Stanley Park is world famed. In Victoria are the Legislative Buildings, the Malahat Drive; in Seattle Volunteer and Woodland Parks.

VANCOUVER, B.C.



down three hundred feet, spreading out, raising a shower of mist and rainbows, and hurtling itself almost on the railway track.

Hell's Gate on the Thompson is another sight the traveller never fails to appreciate. Eight miles of riotous, turbulent water, chained between narrow rock walls, suddenly find freedom.

But the more famous Hell's Gate is in the Fraser Canyon. The Canyon, which the railway strikes a short distance south of Boston Bar, has an average depth of two hundred and fifty feet. At Hell's Gate, the waters of the mighty Fraser are forced into a channel no more than a hundred feet wide, and they lash and swirl with a dizzying speed and a terrible force.

The Fraser runs down to the ocean, large and free, with its strength increased rather than abated, but with a quieter mood. It spreads out and makes way for the shipping at New Westminster. The ways of man are seen again. Industry springs up. Mountains and forests have run out. Now it is the city and the sea.

* * * * *

The traveller should arrange his trip so as to spend some time in Vancouver. Every year sees Vancouver, the principal city on the Canadian length of the Pacific Coast, striding ahead of its past, which is unbelievably short even if there is a story that it was a Chinese town in 499 A.D. Vancouver's claim for the attention of the tourist, however, is not its commercial importance, but its beauty—its sea beaches, its miles of motor drives along the shore, its mountains—English Bay, Stanley Park, Grouse Mountain, Point Grey—and its roses.

Victoria, across the channel, has all the leisure and quiet beauty that is expected of a capital city; it, too, has its walks and drives and its gardens and parks; its stately buildings; and through its streets the breath of the sea.

This summer, the New Canadian National steamships, the *Prince Robert* and the *Prince David* will ply between Vancouver and Victoria, touching as well at Seattle, that lively port that is so crammed with attractions for the summer visitors.

* * * * *

Northward bound, the steamers *Prince George* and *Prince Rupert* and the new *Prince Henry* sail from Vancouver at night and the next day reveals the Inside Passage in all its magic.



TOTEMS AT KITWINKUL—By W. Langdon Kihn

The voyage to Prince Rupert is a sea voyage, but along the starboard lies the mainland and to larboard a long, broken, irregular line of islands, after Vancouver Island itself is left behind and the open sea of Queen Charlotte Sound is safely crossed. A sea voyage, with the beautiful vessel rising and falling in an easy rhythm, with the sea-gulls tossing in the salty air, with a keen, salt wind to whip up an appetite for the largesse of ship's fare, with shuffleboard and long walks around the deck, and dancing at night; a sea voyage with all the pleasures but none of the dismal attendants of a swinging ship, with no pitching waves and no sea-sickness. Such is the voyage between Vancouver and Prince Rupert, and all the way up to Skagway, Alaska, if you have a mind to stay with the steamer. Rain or shine, with the mists hanging or the sun turning the sea into molten living silver, the trip is full of delight. Mainland and islands, the



Here are seen interesting glimpses of the Inside Passage, northward from Vancouver—the shimmering island guarded passage affording ever - changing vistas of mountains, sky and water—a pulp and paper mill—Prince Rupert, northern terminus of the Canadian National Railways on the Pacific coast. At Prince Rupert transfer is made to the train, from which the final leg of the Triangle is viewed.



earth is shaped fantastically under its shaggy hide of evergreens, and every knot, as the vessel steams serenely on, is new. What could be more exciting than the wooded heights looming forward to meet the ship as she picks her way with calm assurance through the twisting entrance to the snug little pulp-mill town of Ocean Falls?

Prince Rupert, sitting on Kaien Island and looking out at its magnificent harbor and the islands beyond and nodding over its shoulder to the mountains, is as fascinating a town as a traveller could wish to see. Like its big brother down the coast, it swells with greater importance every passing season. It is proud of itself as a port closer to the Orient than any other on the Pacific; it is proud of its great grain elevator and its cold storage plant, of its fishing and its lumbering, and in itself it is an interesting sight, built as it is among the rocks.

The steamer continues its northward journey, and, unless the traveller feels the lure of Alaska and the Yukon, or unless he has planned a side trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands, or Stewart and Hyder on the Portland Canal, he boards the Canadian National train at Prince Rupert and turns east, on the last side of the Triangle.

* * * * *

For 177 miles, the railway, after crossing to the mainland, follows the Skeena River Valley. The river is wide—for 40 or 50 miles it stretches from one to three miles across, and, looking at the wide water oversprawled with fishing craft and at the steep hills, the traveller feels that this is the North, somehow, and thinks of Norway—perhaps because of the fjords he has seen along the sea.

As the train flies east, it flings off many a little fish-canning town and many an Indian village, and at Terrace it finds itself in the midst of the chief fruit-growing district of Northern Central British Columbia. And Vanarsdol means mining.

Through shifting scenes, the river and the mountains remain, shifting and showing themselves in new aspects. Mount Sir Robert and Borden Glacier and the Weeskinisht stand out in splendor but the depths vie with the heights and quite as interesting are the canyons where the water cuts deep—Kitsalas, and, even more startling, Bulkley.

Before the train enters the valley of the Bulkley, it has many wonders to encounter along the mighty Skeena. For example, the Skeena country is significant for its Indian life. Here stand the totem poles; here at Kitsegukla, no less than eighteen poles can



THE TOTEM POLE OF THE BEAR AND THE MOON,
KISPAYAKS—By Emily Carr

be seen from the passing trains; at Kitsalas Canyon; and at Kitwanga.

There were four Indian villages at Kitsalas Canyon, where the Skeena breaks through the eastern barrier of the Coast Range 75 miles from its mouth and the pent waters have cut their deep gash a mile and a half long.



HEWN THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES, THE BULKLEY GATE IS A STUPENDOUS WORK OF NATURE

The train stops long enough at Kitwanga to give the passengers time to walk through a village which is still occupied by the People of the River and to see the grotesque but strangely beautiful totem poles and the Indian graves. There are a score of figures, ancient history and legend preserved by the unerring knives of artists who knew how to turn tree trunks into astonishing life. The Dominion Government and the Canadian National Railways have carefully insured their permanence by setting toppling poles on their feet, giving them backbones of concrete and painting and varnishing them in the original colors. The co-operation of the Indian families whose stories are told so vividly in wood and pigment was diplomatically arranged.

After leaving Hazelton, the railway line runs into the fertile valley of the Bulkley and is soon passing through Temlaham, The Good Land of Old, the Garden of Eden, which Mesopotamia has claimed but which the Indians knew, from their own colored history, was in Canada.

The most memorable spectacle is without doubt Bulkley Gate, that solid wall of rock eight feet thick

and 150 feet high which looks like the masonry of man and which, standing across the turbulent river, has all but dammed the wicked waters back and divided them in two.

The train speeds on. Hudson Bay Mountain; Lake Kathlyn; the Babines; 90 miles of the Endako Valley; Fraser Lake; the Nechako Valley, with the altitude rising. Vanderhoof, the gateway to Douglas Lodge; and soon busy Prince George, where Curly Phillips of Jasper starts his Peace River boat trips, and which leads the way to the Cariboo. Through a rich and beautiful country the railway runs, into the Fraser Valley, into the great lumbering country. It is up, up, up, past Mount Rider and Haggard Glacier, to the historic Tete Jaune, past the great Premier group—Mount Stanley Baldwin, Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mount Sir John Thompson, Mount Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mount Sir John Abbott—lofty, majestic mountains which stand as a worthy monument to five great leaders of men. At last Mount Robson heaves into view and, in a few hours, the train glides to a stop at Jasper, the end and the beginning of the great Triangle.



THE SKEENA—RIVER OF CLOUDS

LODGES, CAMPS AND DUDE RANCHES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

TRAIL TRIPS, FISHING, HUNTING, GAME PHOTOGRAPHY

The vast territory in Alberta and British Columbia embraced in the region known as the Triangle Tour of the Canadian Rockies and reached by the Canadian National Railways, has long been known for its big game and fishing possibilities. In recent years there has been a great development in lodge and camp accommodation, and these will increase in number. Enumerated below are a number of the more important lodges which cater to the tourist visitor who desires not merely fishing and hunting but also the atmosphere and scenery of this rugged country as a background for his vacation, along with comforts and conveniences not afforded by the ordinary fishing or hunting camp. Particulars of the latter will be found in "Fishing in Canada" and "Hunting in Canada."

Previous reference has been made in this booklet to trail riding at Jasper, and more detailed information will be found in Canadian National Railways'

booklets "Jasper Park Lodge" and "What to do at Jasper."

JASPER—PRINCE RUPERT LINE

DOUGLAS LODGE

Douglas Lodge on Stuart Lake is reached from Vanderhoof Station, forty-five miles north by good motor roads. It is three miles from the historic old fort St. James established in 1806 by Simon Fraser, so that the visitor is on historic ground much as it was in the days of the old fur-traders. Douglas Lodge has accommodation for about fifty persons and consists of a community house and offices, bungalows, steam laundry and power house, boat house, canoe house, etc., all of log construction. Each bungalow has four double rooms, an open fireplace in the lounge, hot and cold water and shower or plunge bath. Electrically lighted throughout.



DOUGLAS LODGE ON STUART LAKE, B.C. INSERT: FRANCOIS LODGE ON FRANCOIS LAKE, B.C.

For fishermen and hunters seeking adventure farther afield, the lodge affords every facility and full equipment, with or without guides and cooks.

The lodge operates a fleet of motor boats and canoes, and also provides a number of pack and saddle horses for trail riding. Douglas Lodge is the gateway to some 200 miles of waterways without a portage. There is excellent fishing for rainbow trout, salmon trout and arctic trout, while the hunting consists of moose, deer, grizzly and black bear, cariboo, grouse, ptarmigan, geese and ducks.

For rates and further information address Miss H. S. Baynes, between June and October at Douglas Lodge, Fort St. James P.O., British Columbia; from November to May at Grosvenor Hotel, Vancouver, British Columbia.

FRANCOIS LAKE LODGE AND CAMP ON OOTSA LAKE

Francois Lake in the Francois-Ootsa Lake section of British Columbia is the gateway to the Great Whitesail and Big Eutsuk region comprising 3,000 square miles of marvellous game territory, and is reached after fifteen miles by motor car from Burns Lake Station.

The lodge is constructed of logs, affords excellent accommodation, and can take care of about fifteen

people at one time. A large farm in the vicinity provides the best of home grown vegetables, butter, eggs, etc. There is good fishing throughout the various lakes and streams in this section for rainbow trout, Dolly Varden trout, salmon trout, and back in from the lakes is to be had excellent hunting for grizzly, moose, cariboo, mule deer, mountain goat, grouse, ptarmigan, geese and ducks.

Rates and further information from Mrs. J. C. Henkel, Francois Lake Lodge, Francois Lake P.O., British Columbia.

There are numerous waterways throughout this section. Two weeks to a month could easily be spent going through different waters every day. A trip replete with interest is the 300-mile circle tour by motor boat and canoe operated by the Circle Guides and extending from Ootsa Lake by the Tahtsa and Whitesail Rivers to Whitesail Lake; portage into Eutsuk Lake, one of the most beautiful of British Columbia's interior waters; thence by portage around the Tetachuck Falls, through Euchu, Natalkuz and Intahtah Lakes into Ootsa and back to the starting point. Information in regard to this trip, as well as guides, boats and other outfit may be obtained from Mr. J. W. McNeill, Manager, Circle Guides, Ootsa Lake P.O., British Columbia.



HARRISON HOT SPRINGS HOTEL, ROSEDALE, B.C.



Dude ranch life in the Canadian Rockies offers something different in vacation possibilities. Comfortable log cabin accommodation, an invigorating climate and glorious scenery provide an appropriate background for trail rides, fishing, hunting and camping trips, and participation in ordinary ranch activities. Upper left is a view of Adler's camp at McLure; remaining illustrations are of life at Athabasca Dude Ranch.



JASPER—VANCOUVER LINE

HARRISON HOT SPRINGS

Harrison Hot Springs are reached from Rosedale Station, east of Chilliwack, sixty-seven miles east of Vancouver. Trains are met by comfortable motor busses.

Guests at that well known hostelry, the Harrison Hot Springs Hotel, with accommodation for 140 persons—open all year round—are afforded a wide range of recreations including fishing, hunting, riding and golf.

Adjacent to the hotel is a natatorium which provides every facility for using the curative waters for which the Hot Springs have long been famous.

Write Mgr., Harrison Hot Springs, Rosedale, British Columbia, for reservations and rates.

TRAIL'S END LODGE AND CAMPS

Trail's End Lodge and Camps, on the north-western arm of Quesnel Lake, are reached from Cisco by motor car. These camps are situated in one of the finest lake sections of the interior of British Columbia. A two hundred mile motor trip may seem a long journey in quest of sport, but the fact remains

that many who have visited this section of British Columbia return and bring their friends with them. There is excellent hunting and fishing in the territory and the camps are well constructed, with all modern facilities. Rainbow trout, Dolly Varden trout, salmon trout and Rocky Mountain whitefish, moose, cariboo, deer, grizzly and black bear, prairie chicken, grouse, geese and ducks are to be had in abundance.

First class accommodation is also available at Trail's View Lodge just a short distance from the railway line at Cisco Station. For rates and descriptive folder write A. H. Gaugh, Cisco, via Lytton P.O., British Columbia.

ECHO LODGE AND CAMPS

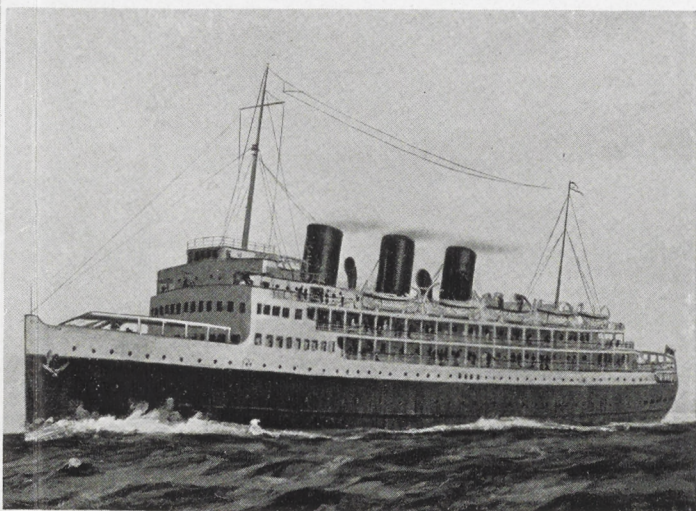
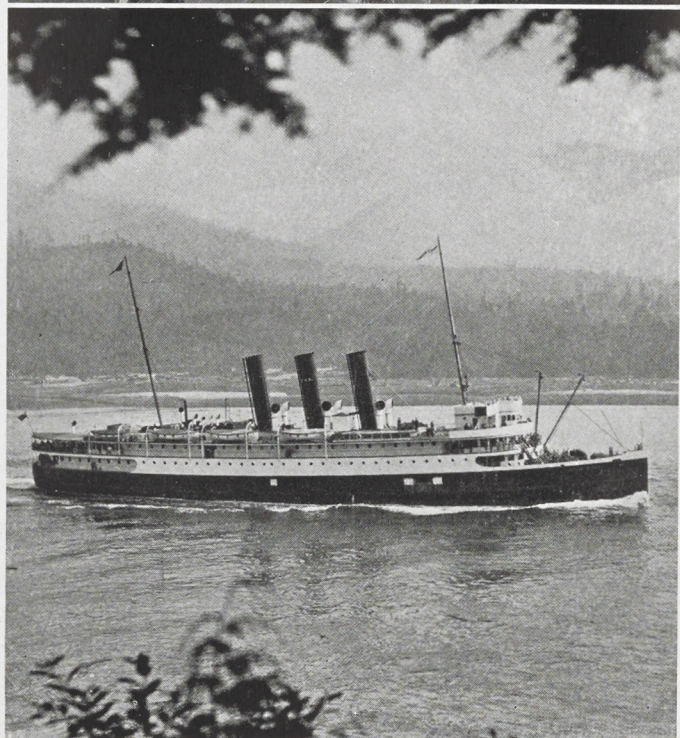
Echo Lodge and Camps are situated on Paul Lake twelve miles by motor car from Kamloops Station. There is excellent accommodation here, with all modern facilities and easy of access from the railway, with fishing, trail riding and boating. The lodge provides a number of boats of various kinds for fishing and cruising purposes, together with saddle horses for trail riding. There is excellent fishing for rainbow trout, Kamloops trout, salmon trout and Rocky Mountain whitefish. Rates and information from J. A. Scott, Echo Lodge, Paul Lake, Kamloops, British Columbia.



NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA AFFORDS EXCEPTIONAL SPORT AND WORTHWHILE TROPHIES TO THE BIG GAME HUNTER



The famed Inside Passage, climax of the Triangle Tour of British Columbia, affords all the pleasures of an ocean voyage, without its discomforts. On the palatial steamers of the Canadian National Railways, plying this protected waterway, are all outside cabins and suites, spacious decks and public rooms. Below is a view of the new S.S. Prince Henry and, on the left, the S.S. Prince Rupert.



ADLER'S CAMP

Adler's Camp is located just a short distance from McLure station, which is 26 miles east of Kamloops. Here is provided good accommodation in a log cabin camp. Saddle trips of long or short duration arranged. There is splendid fishing in nearby lakes and streams, and, in the fall good deer and bear hunting. A stop-over at Adler's Camp may be very enjoyably spent. For rates and further information address Mrs. G. Adler, McLure, B.C.



ATHABASKA DUDE RANCH

The Athabaska Dude Ranch, located one and a half miles from Entrance, Alberta, in the foothills of the Rockies, provides an ideal holiday for the man or woman who would enjoy a real out-of-doors vacation. Accommodation is afforded in log cabins and floored tents, all electrically lighted, and equipped with running water and other conveniences. The climate is typically dry and invigorating, and mosquitoes and flies are seldom troublesome; there are no snakes or poisonous insects; the nights are cool; and the water secured from the mountain streams is pure and cold.

Most of the lakes and streams have an abundant supply of rainbow, Dolly Varden, grayling, white-fish and Great Northern pike. Good saddle trails lead to these fishing grounds through some of the most wonderful scenery in the Rockies, and opportunities for movie and still photography are everywhere plentiful. Mountain sheep, goat, caribou, moose, deer and bear may easily be observed and photographed.

The variety of wild flowers found in the region will delight the botanist, while their profusion of bloom during July and August cannot fail to give pleasure to even the most casual observer.

Life at Athabaska Dude Ranch includes participation in round-ups and ranch activities, saddle and camping trips, fishing, and big game photography. Four trail trips have been definitely mapped out, varying in time required from a week to a month. These lead through or beyond the foothills into magnificent mountain scenery, and each affords opportunity for excellent fishing. On the longer trips big game in abundance will be seen, as the splendid hunting territory on the borders of Jasper National Park is traversed. Organized hunting trips are arranged in the fall, and exceptional trophies and photographs are assured. Rates and information may be obtained from Stanley H. Clark, Entrance, Alberta.

ALTITUDES

The Across Canada route of the Canadian National Railways, though flanked by the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies including Mount Robson (12,972 feet), crosses the mountains at the lowest altitude and easiest gradient of all trans-continental lines. This is a factor of particular interest and importance to travellers unaccustomed to, or unable to stand, high altitudes.

Similarly, the altitude of Jasper, in the wide sweeping valley of the Athabaska, is but 3,470 feet above sea level, and visitors need rise but little above this altitude to enjoy many of the attractions of this mountain playground.



GOLF ON YOUR WAY TO THE PACIFIC COAST

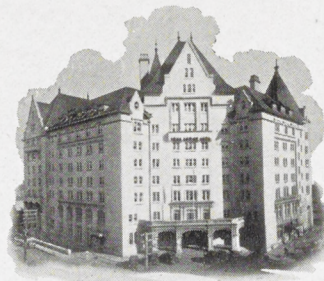
Place	Name of Club	Holes	Yards	Secretary
Minaki, Ont.	Minaki Lodge Golf Club	9	2665	Can. Nat. Rys.
In Manitoba				
Brandon	Brandon Golf & Country Club	18	5808	H. H. Henderson
Winnipeg	Assiniboine Golf Club	18	5740	W. B. Thompson
	Deer Lodge Golf Club	18	6000	Fred Body
	Elmhurst Golf Club	18	6348	Willis Archibald
	Kildonan Municipal Golf Club	18	5554	J. H. Blackwood
	Niakwa Country Club	18	6450	J. L. Huetter
	Pineridge Golf Club	18	6319	Glen McDonald
	Royamont Golf Club	18	5780	R. Beattie
	St. Charles Country Club	18	6283	Clarence Jackson
	Southwood Golf Club	18	6200	H. B. Wilcox
	Windsor Park Municipal Golf Club	18	6500	J. H. Blackwood
	Winnipeg Golf Club	18	6245	Geo. Miller
In Saskatchewan				
Moose Jaw	Citizens' Golf Club	18	6500	W. L. M. Sissions
	Moose Jaw Golf Club	18	6100	S. C. Miller
Regina	Gyro Golf Club	18	4239	P. Blair
	Regina Golf Club	18	6186	S. Cookson
	Wascana Country Club	18	6100	H. G. Forson
Saskatoon	Riverside Country Club	18	5932	W. A. Coulthard
	Saskatoon Golf Club	18	6000	F. B. Morrison
In Alberta				
Calgary	Bowness Golf Club	18	6300	P. P. Barnet
	Calgary Golf & C.C.	18	6252	A. Briscoe
	St. Andrews Golf Club	18	6200	H. Black
	Regal Golf Club	18	6000	John Reid
	Municipal Golf Course	18	5342	A. A. Gooderich
Edmonton	Edmonton Golf & C.C.	18	6300	A. Dickens
	Edmonton Mun. Golf Course	18	5820	G. D. McIntosh
	Mayfair Golf & C.C.	18	6284	G. G. Harris
Jasper National Park	Jasper Park Lodge Golf Club	18	6455	Can. Nat. Rys.
In British Columbia				
Vancouver	Jericho Country Club	18	6003	H. P. Taylor
	Langara Golf Club	18	6430	E. F. McGadden
	Marine Drive Golf & C.C.	18	6215	A. S. Smith
	Point Grey Golf & C.C.	18	6200	D. B. Robinson
	Shaughnessy Heights Golf Club	18	5710	R. Silcock
	Vancouver Golf & C.C.	18	6074	W. H. Watts
Victoria	Colwood Golf & C.C.	18	6502	W. Parry
	Uplands Golf Club	18	5866	J. Caven
	Victoria Golf Club	18	5522	Capt. J. V. Perks



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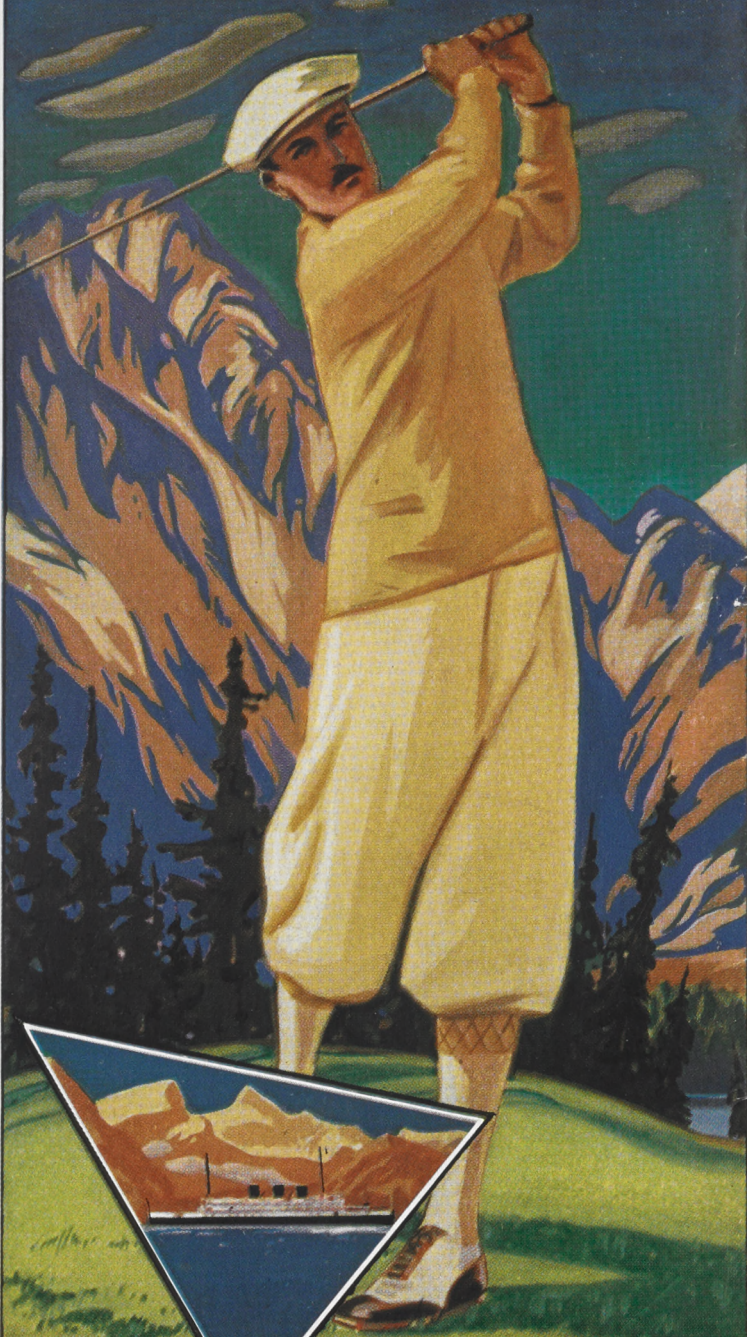
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